



"THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR"



*The utmost in  
good form*

**EGYPTIAN  
DEITIES**  
*"The Utmost in Cigarettes"*  
*Cork Tips or Plain*

### The Incompetence of Successful Men

ONCE in a while some man who has made an extraordinary success goes to pieces; and when we come to examine the parts, we find that most of them are of very imperfect mechanism. We wonder how he held together at all.

On the other hand, the man who

fails is almost sure to be more competent than the man who succeeds. His failure may often proceed from some slight accident. One of the pieces of machinery may be missing or may not be adjusted properly. For one thing, the man who fails knows almost certainly more about his subject than the man who succeeds. In his efforts to prevent himself from failing, he has struggled over the ground a great many times more than the successful man, who may have made his success by some little trick of manner or by some happy accident, or by a quick decision at the beginning of the game, which may have had no more actual bearing upon his ability than the toss of a coin.

If any one doubts this statement, let him examine at close range some of our most successful people, and he will be amazed at their incapacity. He will discover that the surgeon with an immense reputation doesn't know any more about operating than the unknown physician in his own country town. He will discover that the big lawyer to whom he presents his case, makes the most asinine blunders and that the respectable old banker, who has made a fortune and whose judgment is supposed to be infallible, is more likely to misinvest his funds than he himself.

ARISTOTLE, when asked what good he had got from philosophy, said, "I have learnt to do without bidding that which others do only from fear of the laws."

—From the Greek.

### Trees

A TREE is a stick made of various kinds of wood, that rises from the ground, sometimes to a great height, and is covered in summer with leaves and insects, and if it bears fruit, with small boys.

Trees are used to hold up hammocks, and may cause much damage when these hammocks are occupied by pretty girls. Trees, like dogs, are known by their barks.

Trees are tall, short, thick and thin, and sometimes nude. In cold weather nude trees stand around and invite immorality. Spring, the only modest thing left, comes along once a year and covers them up. Then autumn tells them what is going to happen to them a little later, which makes them all blush.

Trees are very polite. They spend their time in nodding to one another. Even if a big storm comes along they all bow to it. Yet some of them—such as the wild cherry, the green apple and the peach—cause much needless pain.

### Grandma's Old Friend

An old lady laughed immoderately at a story told at a dinner in Chicago.

The story-teller looked at her inquiringly.

"Oh," she gasped, "it's a great favorite of mine. The first time I heard it I laughed so hard I almost kicked the footboard off my crib!"

—Saturday Evening Post.

**Finest**  
French, English,  
and American  
Stockings.

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EXCLUSIVELY**

Send for our new  
booklet, illustrating  
many new styles.

6E—Butterfly and floral  
design on pure silk stocking  
of any color with the em-  
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\$3.50 a pair.



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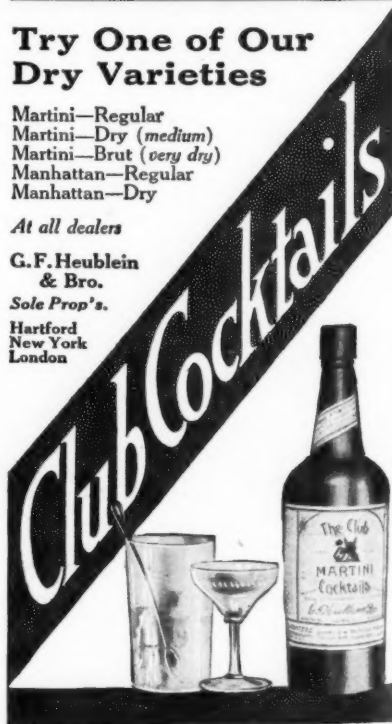
Martini—Regular  
Martini—Dry (medium)  
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Manhattan—Regular  
Manhattan—Dry

At all dealers

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& Bro.**

Sole Prop's.

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New York  
London





A HAPPY OUTLOOK ON LIFE

### The Expense of Poverty

ALL poor people are invited to read this paragraph. It concerns each one of you vitally. Aside from the inconvenience of being poor, can you afford it? To this we invite your earnest consideration.

If you are poor you can get no credit. Without credit you are forced to pay cash. You cannot borrow money, neither can you save the interest on the necessities you order. Besides this you pay more for them than if you had money enough to buy them in quantities on credit. You pay almost double for coal, and much higher for groceries.

These facts ought to be brought home to all people who live in poverty. We do not wish to be too hard on you. You have been so busy with other things that you haven't had time to learn what your poverty really means. We feel sure when you think it over you will all get rich at once, and thus avoid any future unpleasant criticism. Please remember that we are telling you this for your own good. You cannot afford to remain poor any longer. It is too expensive.

It doesn't matter **WHERE**  
you spend your  
vacation.  
The important thing  
is to  
have a supply of

# Evans' Ale

**Underground Garbage Receiver**  
NO FLIES. NO LITTER. NO ODORS.  
You with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct  
everywhere. Guaranteed. Circular free.  
STEPHENSON, Mr., 46 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass.

## The Borland Electric

**5-Passenger Coupe**  
**\$2900**

**THIS** roomy, comfortable Borland Coupe gives utmost satisfaction for general service. Whenever and wherever used—for business trip; social call; theatre party; shopping expedition or pleasure jaunt, it meets every need, perfectly, the year around.

Built durably along pleasing lines; maximum mileage at lowest operating cost ensured by accurately balanced,

easy running mechanism; spacious, with comfortable seats for five—all facing forward; simple, easy control from either front or rear seat; luxurious appointments; richly upholstered in tasteful, imported fabrics. A car you will be proud to own.

Horizontal control; six forward speeds and three reverse. Automatic cut-out disconnects power when emergency brake is applied. "Exide" batteries, standard equipment. \$2900.

*Rear View of Coupe—note its harmonious lines*

The Borland Electric Roadster—a rakish, speedy, trim-looking three passenger car, with open body and wheel steer, is ideal for business or professional man. \$2550.

Send for the new Borland Poster Book illustrating and describing the Borland Electric Models

### The Borland-Grannis Co.

312 East Huron Street  
Chicago, Ill.

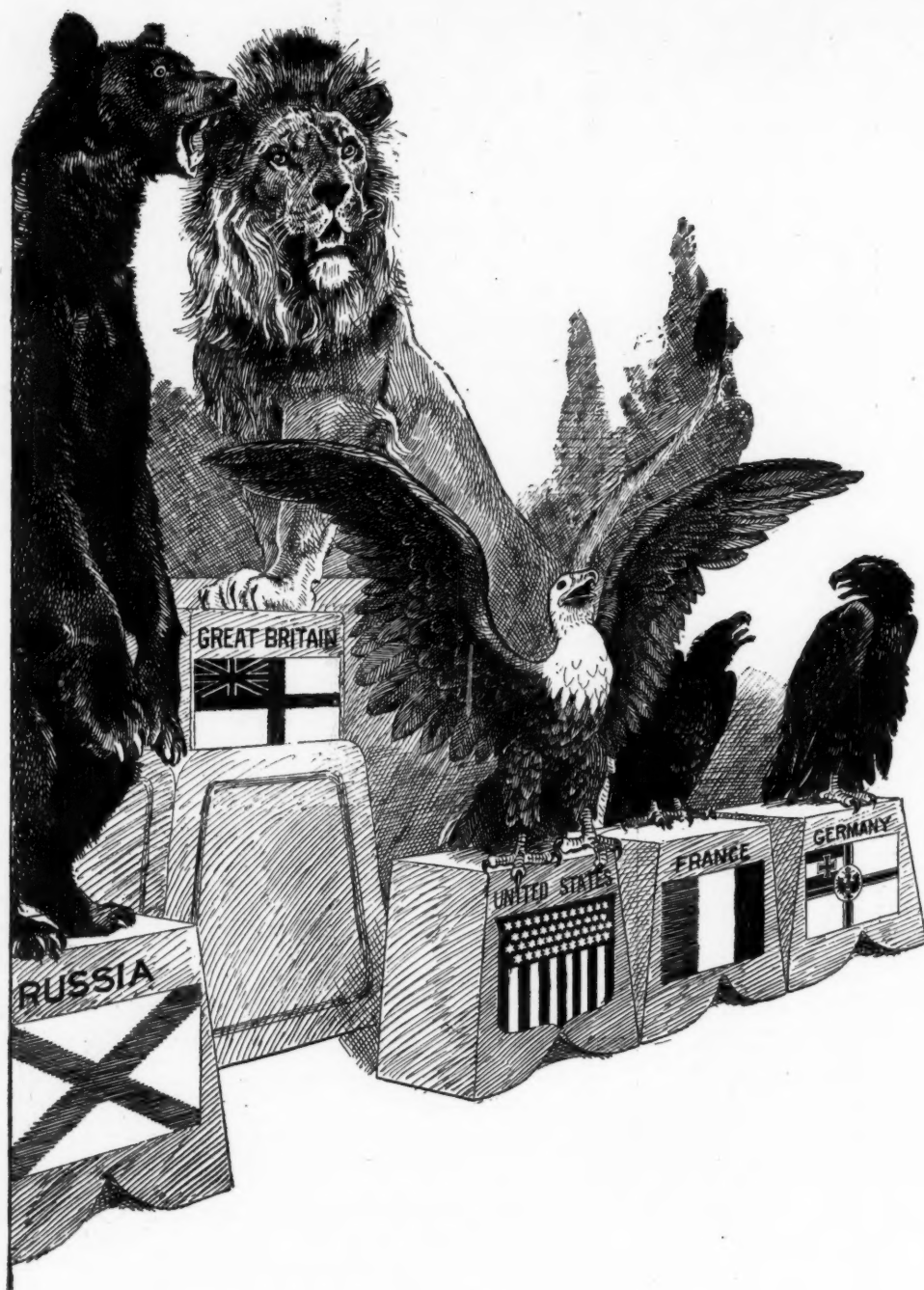
### We Don't Feel That Way, Mr. Perkins

Mr. Perkins, one regrets to say, has become pretty well disgusted with the United States.—*Springfield Republican*.

**S**PEAKING on behalf of the United States, we are glad that we cannot say the same thing about Mr. Perkins. He is almost always interesting, and that is more important than anything else. Some little thing, or combination of things, has been added to George W. P., which just lands him beyond the line of the commonplace. It was a narrow escape we admit, but in this instance an inch is always as good as a mile.

Mr. Perkins's anger is never quite so amusing as Mr. Gaynor's; he may be a scamp—a word we borrow from His Honor; we don't know much about that; we suppose his powers in that direction have been overestimated; but he is uniformly illogical, a great point in his favor, and he knows when to change the subject. He can skip from the Harvester Trust to the Bull Moose with transcendent ease.





This great number will be issued the first week in October and will celebrate in song, story and picture the dawning of Peace. It will be, in fact, an Arraignment of War.

Everybody who hates War is invited to send in contributions for this number of Life.

In our current issues will be found a Prize Offer of Three Hundred Dollars for the best article under five hundred words about War. See conditions elsewhere in this number.

War  
Number  
of

*Life*

is  
Coming.

Enclosed  
find One  
Dollar (Ca-  
nadian \$1.13,  
Foreign \$1.26).  
Send LIFE for  
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Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. Trial subscriptions should be sent direct; not through an agent or dealer.

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ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

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## What Will They Do?

THE scientific management of households is said to be nearing completion. Several organizations are at work upon it, and it will not be long before the servantless house will be a regular thing. Even at present the family hotel has done much to mitigate the sufferings of householders.

The automobile has made it possible for women to cover a great deal of ground in a short time—between bridge clubs and other functions.

The raising of children—where children are raised at all—has also been scientifically managed. The child is usually turned over to a trained nurse shortly after its birth, and the mother goes on her way rejoicing.

What does all this mean?

It means simply that in a very short time there won't be anything left for women to do; that is, for those women who, up to the present time, have been busy in performing the functions of woman. We shall have such a large proportion of females with time hanging heavy upon their hands that there is going to be a lot of trouble—unless it is anticipated.

Fifteen or twenty years from now, mobs of women may be roaming up and down the country, seeking whom they may devour. It is an old axiom, that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

The number of idle women at present is considerable. When to this are added all the women who might otherwise be taking care of their children and households, it is not difficult to see that serious conditions confront us.

TIMANDRIDAS, a Spartan, in scolding his son for having laid by money in his absence from home, instead of spending his income in the service of the gods and his friends, observed that "there is nothing on earth so discreditable as to seem poor in one's life, and to be found very rich when one is dead."

*From the Greek.*

# Why blame the tire maker?

If your tire bills are heavy weigh your car. Then compare its weight and tire sizes with those given below.

Good tire service is secured by a light-weight car with easy springs and large tires. There is no other solution of tire trouble; no other way to avoid excessive upkeep expense.

Franklin cars are the lightest for their size, power and speed. They carry the least unsprung weight. The power of the engine is transmitted through a flexible drive to the rear wheels without reach or torque rods. This saves in slippage wear on the rear tires. Here are the Franklin weights and tire sizes.

Six "38" touring or phaeton	3328	pounds, tires, 4½ in. and 5 in.
Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3480	" " 5 in.
Little Six "30" touring	2993	" " 4½ in.
Four "25" touring	2520	" " 4 in.

These weights include full equipment, gasoline and oil. In considering tire size bear in mind that the capacity of a tire to carry its load is practically all in the cross section of the tire and not in its diameter. A 4½" tire is 25 per cent more tire than a 4" tire of the same diameter. A 34x4½" tire is 19 per cent more tire than a 36x4" tire and costs 15 per cent more

## The same tire goes twice as far on a Franklin

The actual figures are what count when you want the facts—and the facts show that Franklin owners get double tire mileage. Let us send you our "tire folder" which gives the tire mileage secured by Franklin owners in all parts of the country.

Our catalogue, a book full of automobile facts, is sent free to any address.

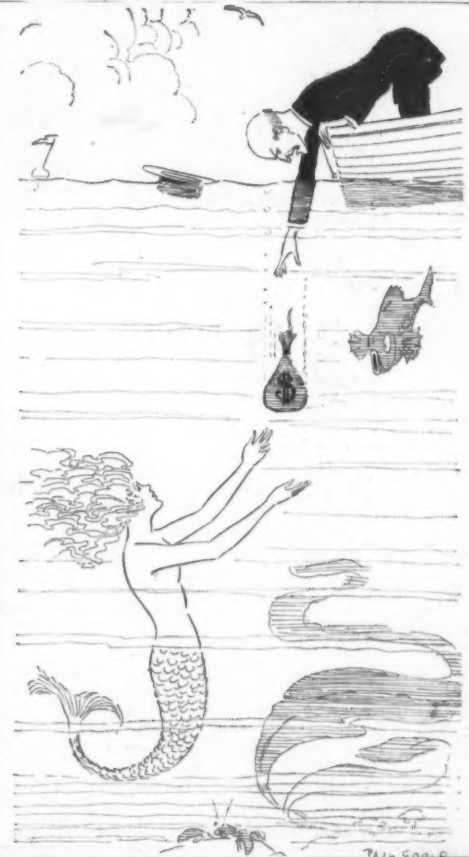
**Franklin Automobile Company, - 24 Franklin Square, Syracuse, N. Y.**

## A True Friend

An elderly man in a large city died in extremely poor circumstances. A prominent business man, well known for his mercenary character, attended the funeral and was visibly affected as he looked for the last time on his old friend and associate.

"You thought a great deal of the old gentleman?" he was asked after the services were over.

"Thought a great deal of him?" echoed the merchant. "Well, I should say I did. There was a true friend! He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I knew that he was practically starving to death."—*Harper's Magazine.*



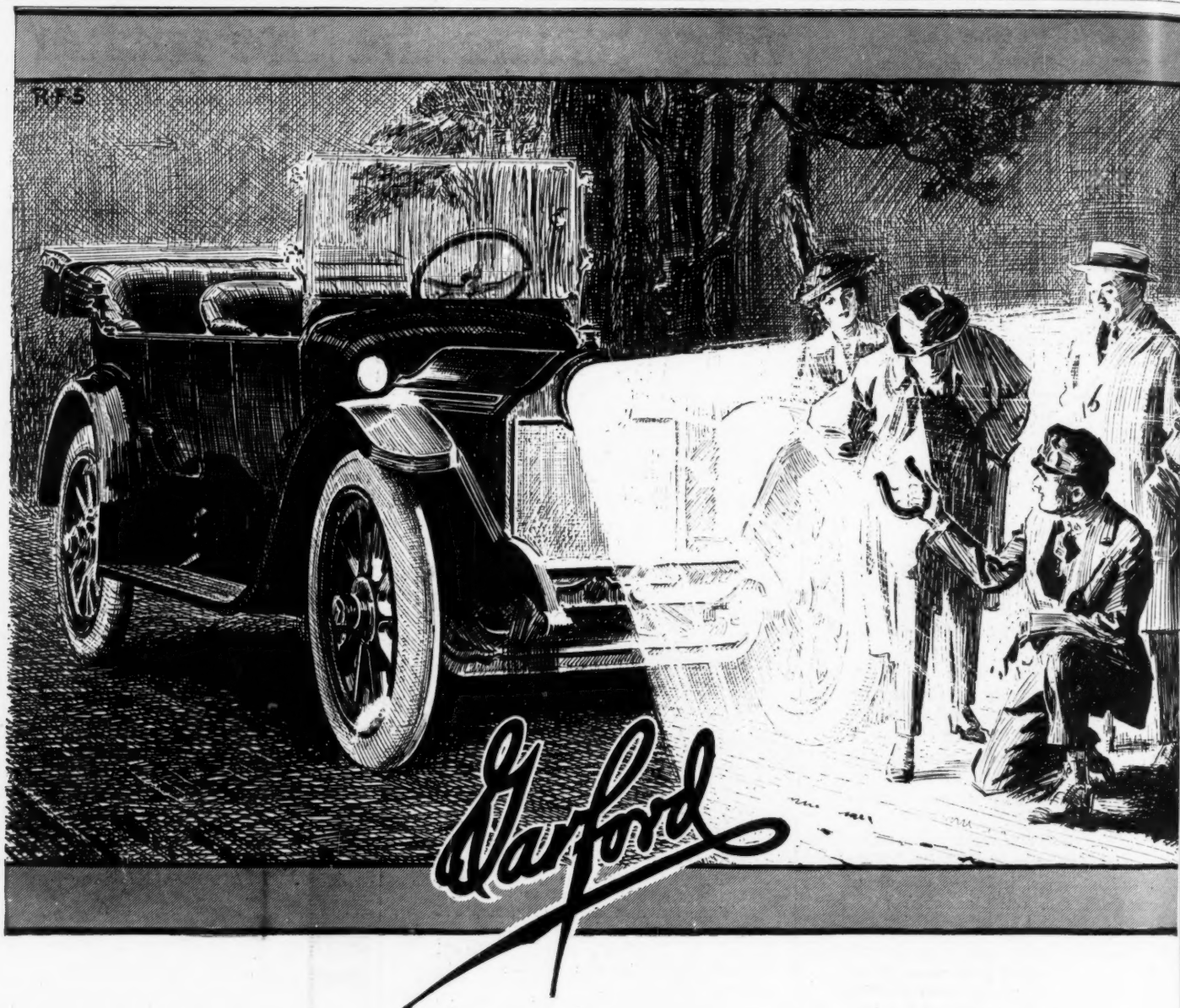
# HUNTER WHISKEY

FOR  
HEALTH  
HOSPITALITY  
AND GOOD CHEER

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Enclosed  
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# \$2750

Electric Starter which never fails to start instantly—winter or summer

All lights are electric

Big, single electric parabolic head light, sunk flush with the radiator

Electric horn

One piece, all steel body, steel Pullman car construction—no joints, no rivets, no wood.

Warner Auto Meter driven from the transmission.

60 horsepower, long-stroke motor—8½ in. by 8 in.

Wheel Base, 128 inches

Tires, 36 x 4½

Demountable Rims

Center Control

Left Hand Drive

Three Speed Transmission

Full Floating Rear Axle

Bosch Magneto

Equipment—everything complete from tools to top

THE only tangible and substantial difference between the new Garford Six at \$2750, and most other high grade Sixes—is the price.

If you will thoroughly and intelligently make a considerate and deliberate examination you will become convinced that nowadays \$2750, invested in the right Six, will go just about as far as \$5000.

This economy is brought about by our large production methods—and you save the difference.

Catalogue on request. Demonstration wherever you wish.

Please address Dept. 3

## THE GARFORD COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO



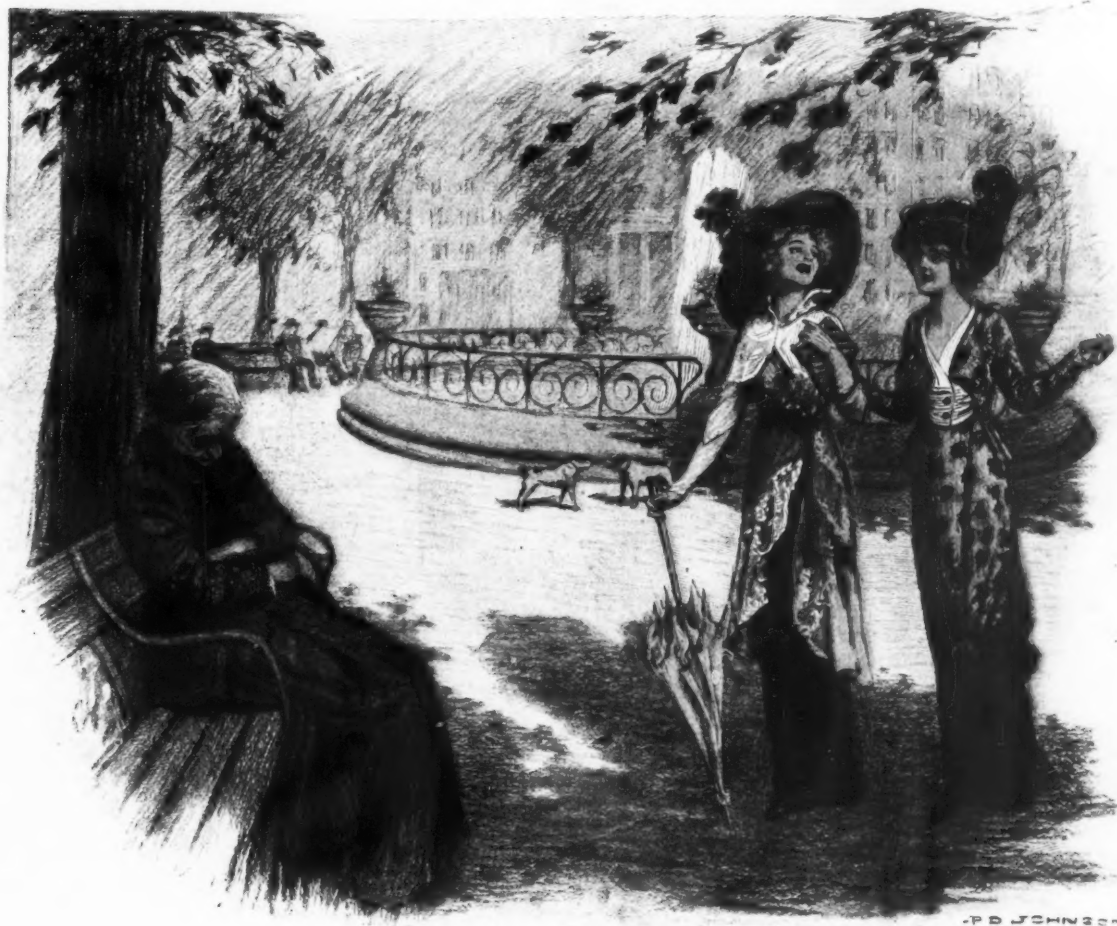
### As to Julia: Suffragette

WHEN as abroad my Julia goes,  
 Armed with a stick of dynamite  
 Hid deep within those furbelows  
 That look so pleasing to the sight,  
 Her fell intention, clear and plain,  
 To blow some railway station up,  
 'Tis then my soul is filled with pain,  
 And over-bitter is my cup.

Not for the station do I care—  
 Its architecture's seldom fine,  
 And if it sails off through the air  
 I'm sure 'tis no affair of mine;  
 But Julia, spite of all her ways,  
 The which from etiquette depart  
 Is still the bright light of my days,  
 The uncrowned mistress of my heart.

And even if she went to jail,  
 Ten days, two months, or e'en a year,  
 My ardent love would never fail;  
 I still should hold her just as dear;  
 But yet it fills my heart with woe  
 And trembling when I think what she,  
 If she could treat a station so,  
 When we are wed will do to me!

*John Kendrick Bangs.*



PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS



### Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1912, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-six years. In that time it has expended \$139,304.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 34,748 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged .....	\$3,704.66
A. S. & C. H. W., Onion Lake, Sask.	5.70
J. G. H. ....	5.00
Grantwood College .....	10.00
Florence M. Underwood.....	5.00
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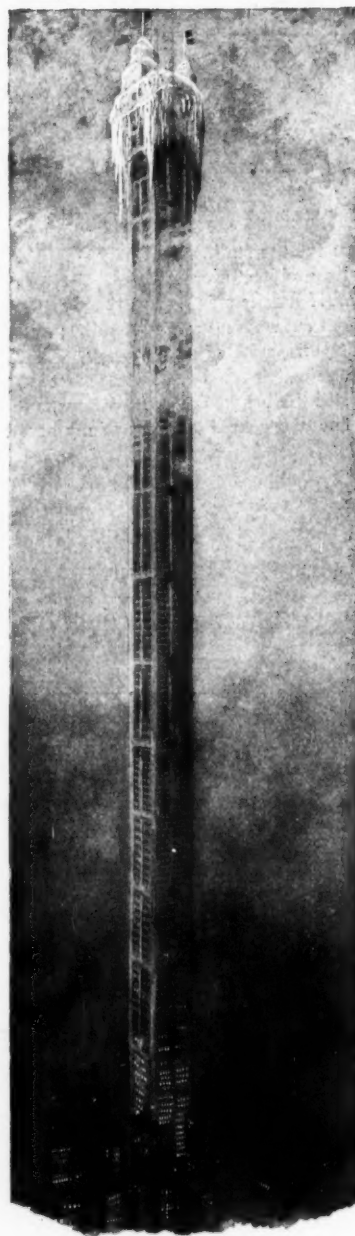
\$4,030.52

### Old Adages Disproved

*Nothing Doesn't Succeed Like Success.*

COULD anything be more ridiculous than the assertion that nothing succeeds like success? A successful man is one who has made a failure of everything else except the thing in which he has succeeded. If, for example, he has been successful at acquiring wealth he has nothing else to recommend him. Success in any direction is in reality only the measure of one's failure in all other directions.

Furthermore, the moment a man attains success this success, instead of succeeding, immediately begins to fail him. Failure always succeeds. Success always fails.



ANYCLIMATEYOU LIKE HOTEL

FROM 100 DEGREES IN THE SHADE TO  
PERPETUAL SNOW

THERE is no logic in a baby's cry,  
a woman's smile or a beautiful  
sunset.

### The Hottest Gridiron

WHEN Earth's last factory's suspended,

And the fires are all cold in their bed,

When the richest of textiles has raveled,

And the poorest of Workers is dead—

We shall rest from the strikes and the riots,

Lie down underneath a white stone,  
Till the Judge of the Workmen and Bosses

Shall summon us all to His throne.

And those who were Bosses shall tremble,

They'll long for an *alibi* then,

And wish they'd divided their profits,  
And treated the Workers like—Men.

For, somehow, 'twill sound a bit specious

The "dividend" plea as excuse,

For that Judge will not fear to offend them,

But will call an Abuse an—Abuse.

And He'll send them on gridirons to languish,

Heated just to the proper degree

To suit the offense they committed,  
And no one will pardon them—

see?

But He'll pick out the ones who worked children,

And stunted their bodies and brains,

And I hope—nay, I'm sure, He will wrack them

With something undreamed of in pains.

William Wallace Whitelock.

SPEAKING of "V. V.'s Eyes," by Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, the *London Times* says that Mr. Harrison

makes things as difficult for his readers as he can. \* \* \* Those who open it and begin at the beginning have to wade through a chapter which is perhaps fuller of literary affectations than any other chapter we have ever read.

This will be news to the majority of American book reviewers, who, not having any other epoch-making book to write about during the summer, have filled their columns with pæns of praise of Mr. Harrison's book.



Patience and Gentleness is Power

Leigh Hunt.

FOR EXCHANGE—Boat with engine six h. p. skip spark, lately installed; fully equipped, ready for the season; for an old-fashioned rowboat.

## The Poultry Question

THERE was a great commotion in the poultry yard when the Old Hen discovered a Fox in their midst.

"Now, madam," said the Fox, deftly grabbing a young pullet and tucking it away inside him, "I assure you there is no cause for alarm. I have your best interests at heart."

The Old Hen refused to be comforted. "What nonsense," she exclaimed. "You are here solely for your own profit, and you know it."

"You are entirely mistaken," responded the Fox in his most gracious manner. "You do me a gross injustice. I have made a long and careful study of the poultry question."

"So have we. So have we," protested the Old Hen excitedly.

"Yes, of course you have, in your feeble way, but the subject is too deep

and too intricate for a mere chicken to understand. You see, I have gone into the matter from all sides. For instance, one thing we need is a more elastic poultry yard. Several of my foxy associates are now at work on that problem. Then you need a tariff which will protect you from the foxes. Of course, you could not be expected to devise efficient regulations along that line. Such a matter must be handled by its friends."

"Never mind, Master Fox. Though our mentality may be inferior to yours, still we have no faith in your sincerity. So far about the only effect of your activities that we can see is to increase the cost of living. Accordingly, we shall have to shift for ourselves."

"Oh my, that would be fatal," said the Fox, assuming a more threatening

tone. "It is important that you do nothing. In fact, there is nothing you can do which will not disturb business; and, after all, you know business is more important than anything else."

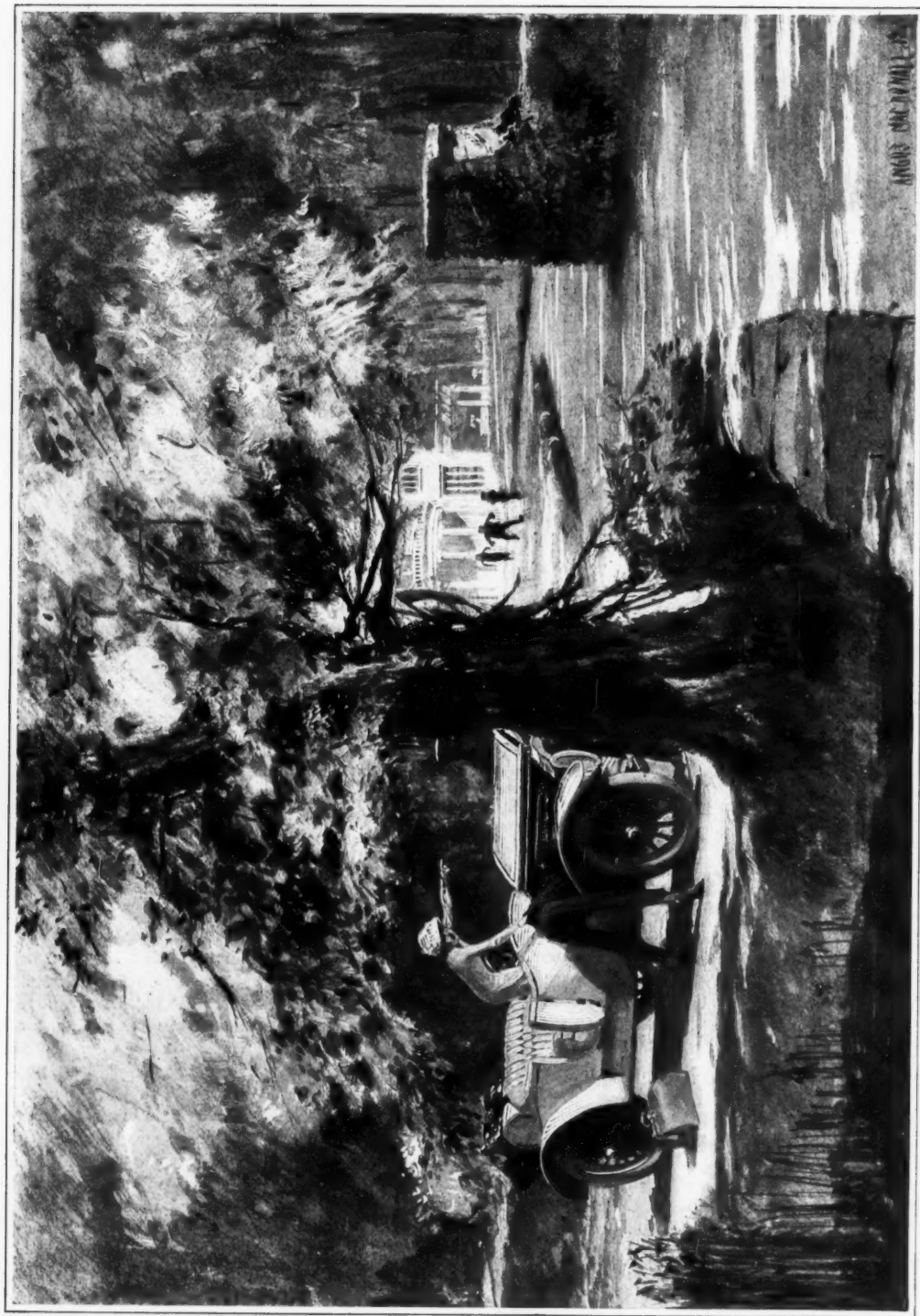
"I don't agree with you," argued the Old Hen. "I don't care a jot for business that interferes with my comfort and life. Business is as business does."

"Very well," said the Fox. "I have warned you. Unless you act very discreetly I'll get mad and never come around here again."

"That's the only thing I'm not afraid of," answered the Old Hen.

Just then there was an ominous noise behind the chicken house, and as foxes are proverbially timid, he proceeded to take himself off to await a more favorable opportunity for continuing the discussion.

Ellis O. Jones.



THE ELOPEMENT  
A BROKEN CIRCUIT





*Visitor:* WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? IS HE ILL?

*The Farmer's Wife:* OH, NO MA'AM; HE AIN'T ILL, BUT NO STOMACH OF THAT SIZE CAN STAND ELEVEN EARS OF CORN.

### An Opening

THE borough of North Plainfield, N. J., having placed a license fee of two dollars and a half on cats, a large number of felines are packing their grips preparatory to leaving town. As there is no corresponding tax on rats and mice, in the resulting absence of the "harmless, necessary cat," the councilmen and other officials expect to catch the rats themselves, for the good of the public. Fine opening for a mousetrap factory; good site, big demand, sure trade.

SOME people marry thoroughly, others incidentally.

### On Life's Wire

"HELLO, LIFE?"

"LIFE."

"Mellen."

"Charles S.?"

"Right. Another wreck."

"Engineer as usual?"

"Yes. Engineer."

"Which absolutely absolves yourself and the stockholders from all blame."

"Absolutely."

"And there will be no necessity of fixing up the roadbed and the equipment?"

"None whatever. Not so long as there are engineers. You see the public doesn't mind being slaughtered so long as it knows whose fault it is."

"The only thing necessary then is to get better engineers."

"Quite the contrary. That would be fatal. If we got better engineers, then there would be nobody on whom to blame the wrecks."

"Of course. How stupid of us!"

"And so if anything happens in the future, you will know it's the engineer's fault, without my calling up."

"Exactly so. It is clear, Mr. Mellen, that you know your business, and it isn't for us to interfere. There is, however, one wee word of caution we should like to offer."

"Go ahead, LIFE."

"Whatever else you do don't be too indulgent with the public"

"Fear not. You can depend on us for that. So long."

"So long."

### EUGENICS.



THE UNWILLING CONVERT



"HELLO, EVERYBODY!"

### Letters of a Self-made Son to His Mother

"I READ in the papers of your neat attempt to drown the Archbishop of Canterbury. That's ripping stuff, mother. And how you sprinkled tacks in the King's porridge. Great! I read it aloud to the rest of the sophomore class after dinner.

"But mother! I have been thinking hard. Don't mind if I speak a few trifles about your beloved campaign—from a Man's point of view. I just can't keep them to myself.

"Don't you think that Women as a sex have fallen down hard for the first time in history on a monstrous tactical blunder? Collectively and individually, have you failed to wheedle the race of men (collectively and individually) into any requisition you cared to suggest?

"Mother, you discarded the tried weapons of feminine witchery and dared Man with the indelicate pitchfork and cleaver. How uncomfortable

of you! How utterly blind to man's invariable acquiescence in all Causes piloted by a kid glove and breezed along by flapping eyelashes!

"Mother! We men never from the first consciously fought against the vote. We didn't kick a particle about sharing our franchise. What we did hate to see was the change in your Fighting Style—the alarming revolution in your 'manner of approach.'

"Mother, we wanted cajolery and craft and cunning—just the same as on Tag Day. We pleaded for the swish of a taffeta skirt and you gave us instead the soft sigh of a passing brick. We yearned for the subtle challenge of laughing lips; you answered us with the scorching stare of angry amazons.

"Mother, you made your first grand error in running Votes-for-Women as a controversy. It never was. It isn't now. I don't know a Man in

my set who understands yet what the arguments are against woman's suffrage. But you people labelled it 'A Battle' and we're just filling in the mob cues. Honestly, mother, that's the whole caper. We men are of one mind in our ignorance, and that mind used to be in your favor until your orators said it wasn't.

"That is why I say your tactics have been about as subtle and intelligent as an elephant's instep. No offence, mother, but you'll wake up some day to know that the Suffrage was waiting for you at the Post Office all the time, only you called at the wrong wicket."

MRS. SIMSON: Now, Bobbie, I'm going out and I want you to look after the house like a little man—just as your father would if he were here.

BOBBIE: Have I got to kiss the nurse?



JUSTICE GERARD IS APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY.

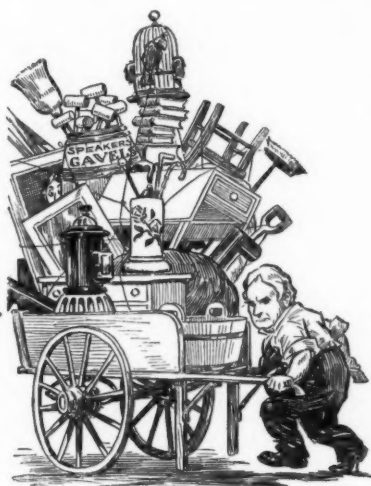
NAUGHTY BOY!

# July



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AT GETTYSBURG.

F.T. RICHARDS.



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK'S RENT IS RAISED.



WOMEN TO WEAR TROUSERS AND IMPROVE THE STYLES FOR MEN.



IN TEXAS, A MAN MAY BE DRUNK ONLY IN HIS OWN HOUSE.



HOT WEATHER DRESS FOR MINISTERS IN WISCONSIN.





### The Unpremeditated Rendezvous

MALTBY, putting his name on the hotel register, turned to the smiling proprietor. "I understand," he said, "that this is about the only place in the entire country in the summer where a man can actually rest."

"You're correct about that, sir," replied the proprietor. "We've had immense pressure brought to bear upon us, but we've resisted. No automobiles within two miles; no card playing; nothing to drink but water and milk; no distractions."

"That's what I've heard, and that's why I'm here. I simply had to do it in self-defense. I had to get away from my family and friends. Give me a quiet room and let me sleep for a week."

At this moment a stage, coming along the opposite road from the one on which Maltby traveled, drew up to the entrance. A lady got out. Maltby gazed at her for a moment, speechless. It was his wife.

Her astonishment was equally great. He drew her into the parlor.

"How did you come here?" he gasped.

"To get away from the whole family, from the neighbors, from bridge, from automobiles—and from you! I saw this place advertised as the only one left."

"Well, I did the same. We may as well make the best of it."

Two hours later, strolling out from the simple evening meal, they were suddenly, in the corridor, faced by a tall, nervous looking young man.

"Walter!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Maltby in chorus, at their astonished son. "What on earth are you doing here?"

Walter's face fell.

"To rest—to get away from painted girls, cigarettes, automobiles, race-tracks, club bridge, bromidical talk, and, to be candid with you, dear parents—from you!"

"So did we from you. This is terrible!"

Walter in reply grasped them both by the arms.

"Dear father and mother," he whispered, "it can't be helped. This being the only place left in America where



#### "TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR"

*Mrs. Gossamer:* JACK DOESN'T LIKE ME IN THIS BATHING SUIT, AND HE'S GONE AWAY MAD!

*Miss Summerly:* I'M SURPRISED! THE IDEA OF A MAN GETTING MAD OVER A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT!

tired and overwrought people like ourselves can come to be sheltered from the horrible summer amusements, it was natural for us all to meet. But the worst is yet to come."

He led them hurriedly out to the office and indicated a stage that had just arrived and from which there was

alighting a familiar form owned by a tall lady with her back as yet turned. The faces of both parents blanched with fear.

"Who is she? Can it be——?"

Walter lighted a cigarette.

"The game's all up," he replied nonchalantly. "It's grandmother!"

## Restaurants

A RESTAURANT is a place where you pay four dollars for fifteen cents' worth of food, accompanied by about two dollars' worth of light labor, light china and light music, which you have heard before. After leaving your hat with a Wall Street Syndicate, you pay all the way from ten cents to a quarter for the privilege of getting it back and wearing it once more. The difference between a man and woman indeed to-day is quite simple. A woman pays fifty dollars all at once for her hat, while a man pays five dollars for his and fifty-five more in tip installments for storage at restaurants while he is vainly trying to obtain enough nourishment to sustain life between times.

The object of all restaurants is to furnish you with everything you want except nourishment. This is carefully extracted from all food before it reaches you.

Every restaurant nowadays has attached to it a homeless hotel and a drugless drugstore, also a newspaper stand where you can buy a paper for not over twice what you can get it for across the street, and a box office dispensary where you can get theatre tickets for almost any night you don't want them at the same rates. Every restaurant also has a wine cellar which is filled with native cobwebs, European labels and California grape juice.

## Patriotic

IF it is true, as the newspapers have reported, that Ambassador Page is receiving the same salary that he did before he accepted the London post, his pay being extended to him from patriotic motives, why is it not an excellent example? Isn't it much better for our business men to help out the government in this patriotic manner, by enabling the best men to accept official positions abroad, than it is to contribute money to campaigns?



SEEING NEW YORK

## The Singer

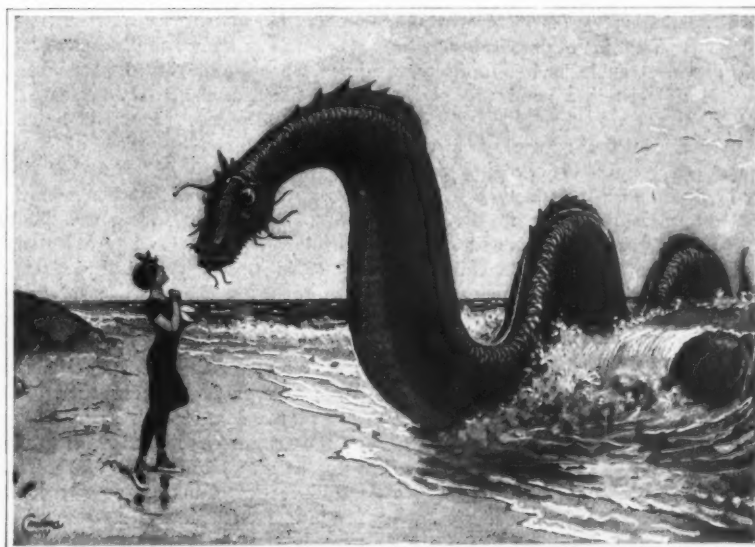
I SHELTER me behind my song  
From grief and care and pain,  
That all unlovely things may throng  
Across my way in vain.

Gay tunes I sing for those who weep,  
Sad tunes for passers gay;  
And ever on the road I keep  
Or rough or smooth the way.

What matter if no hearth be laid  
To warm my weary feet—  
And if there wait no wistful maid  
To give me welcome sweet?

Since ne'er so lonely are the hours,  
Nor paths so steep and long,  
But what I find through sun or  
showers  
A shelter in my song.

Charlotte Becker.



"SHE'S A FLIRT!"



JULY 31, 1913

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IT offends a good deal of the surviving sense of propriety in these States for the Secretary of State to go out lecturing for money on the Chautauqua circuit. But Mr Bryan thinks it's all right. He says his salary doesn't pay his expenses; that he has had to give up a good deal of private income to take office, and that he needs this money that he can pick up in lecturing to pay the Secretary of State's bills.

Well! There is complaint, but what of it? Who is the standard of taste in this country if not Mr. Bryan? If what he thinks is proper is proper, he has nothing to fear. If what he thinks is proper is not proper, it may be worth some trouble for him to discover it. Mr. Bryan is a good and gifted man, but not very teachable. It takes something in the nature of a road roller to connect a new impression with his mind. It cannot be a grief to him to run counter to the sense of propriety in most educated and conventional people, because he thinks, or supposes, that the ideas of such people on most subjects are wrong, and that his own ideas on those subjects are right, and that to substitute his own correct ideas on all subjects for prevailing erroneous and conventional ideas is just one way to cause righteousness to abound. One of Mr. Bryan's aims would naturally be to facilitate by his example the substitution of his own standards of deportment and behavior for the con-

ventional standards to which most orderly men submit. He seems to love to do that, and, for our part, we love to see him do it. He is a sublime man, and if his smooth top moving in the firmament pushes some of the old constellations about, what matter? Maybe they are not where they should be, anyhow.



ANYTHING that Mr. Bryan can pull off is all right for Mr. Bryan. And he is right about his salary not being sufficient for his proper expenses. Even though he saves a little money putting out grape juice when he ought to pour champagne, twelve thousand dollars will not pay the expenses he ought by custom to incur as Secretary of State. He should have a better house than he now has and one much nearer the White House. The Government should provide it, and should provide not less than twenty thousand dollars a year for Mrs. Bryan to spend in it. As it is, the Secretary of State, if he is poor, is in almost as bad a predicament as our ambassadors. Congress won't vote to pay his expenses. For that reason Mr. Bryan's reappearance on the lecture circuit has considerable value as an advertisement of the nigardliness of Congress in providing for proper expenditures, as contrasted with its lavishness in very improper expenditures. It is the shame of Con-

gress that the Secretary of State should be sweating in July and August on the lecture platform. Mr. Bryan has not overmuch delicacy, but he has excellent business sense. He is right in thinking that no one will thank him for blowing in his own money on the expenses of his office, and he is just the man to induce Congress to protect the dignity of the Government by voting the Secretary of State a substantial increase of pay. We have faith to believe that the diplomatic service, especially at the top, will be more comfortable for its inmates when Mr. Bryan gets through mussing it up.



BUT meanwhile he may have to miss some good houses and fees because of the need of being in Washington and going through the motions of attending to official business. Mexico is in a very bad way, and her condition gets worse and worse. Some of the experts consider that President Wilson should have recognized Huerta's government, as most other important countries did. The fact that he did not recognize it has made it harder for Huerta to borrow enough money to keep his government going. Mexico now threatens to split into three parts. Her railroads have stopped running; her business stands still; her various rebels live by loot and prosper. Huerta cannot pay his troops and cannot put down rebellion. Various foreign powers have appealed to our Government to do something or else fold up the Monroe Doctrine and stand aside and let other interested parties do something to protect their interests. Our Government in March declined to recognize the Huerta government until the Mexican people had ratified it by popular vote. That looked right, but the prospect of a popular vote big enough to count on any subject in Mexico grows more and more slim. It is awkward. It looks as though we should have to do something. For anything we do we will be pretty sure to be sorry, but we may



be sorrier if we leave it to be done by England, Germany or France.

Action of some sort seems likely to be taken before this issue of LIFE reaches its readers. Whatever it may be we must consider in the light of its alternatives.



WE might well poke back at the Europe that is poking us up about Mexico, with inquiries about the Balkans. Matters there have been going on at least as badly as in Mexico. Judging from what the Bulgarians say of the terrible and cruel deportment of the Serbs and Greeks and from what the Serbs and Greeks say of the atrocities of the Bulgarians, it seems excusable to surmise that the reduction in the population which has been proceeding has a fairly bright side. But the cure by destruction is a harsh remedy. The Balkan peoples have messed their affairs. They can fight, but they cannot agree. They need government, and are doubtless ready and able to make abundant trouble for anyone that intervenes to furnish it to them. What they need is civilization. We beg to suggest to their friends that the game of baseball, taken in connection with an American school system, has been found very helpful in the Philippines in diverting the minds of the peoples there from fighting. A line of Y. M. C. A. missionaries to teach the Bulgarians baseball might be better worth providing than more munitions of war. In this country we pay vast attention to baseball. Perhaps it is better worth its cost than some moralists and serious people appreciate.



THE recent news of the marriage of the lovely Miss Milholland was received with universal approval, and no where with greater thankfulness and gratification than in this



Mother: NOW, CHILDREN, I WANT YOU TO KISS MISS LEMMON GOOD-BYE.  
Elder Brother: COME ON, BILLY, BE A SPORT. IT'LL BE OVER IN A SECOND.

office. Who taketh a husband, as Lord Bacon says, giveth a hostage to fortune. Madame Inez says her heart is still as true as ever to the cause of suffrage, and, of course, it is; but with this new responsibility on her hands, her valorous efforts should be tempered by indulgence to the other half. If only all the suffragists could get married and be blessed with four children apiece, our affairs would jolt along considerably less harshly than they do.



MR. ROBERT BRIDGES is England's new poet laureate. Mr. Bridges is a competent, going poet, truthfully described by a discriminating neighbor as "one of the most admirable English poets of our time." He is the kind of a poet whose poetry is known to persons who read poetry. There are not many such persons left

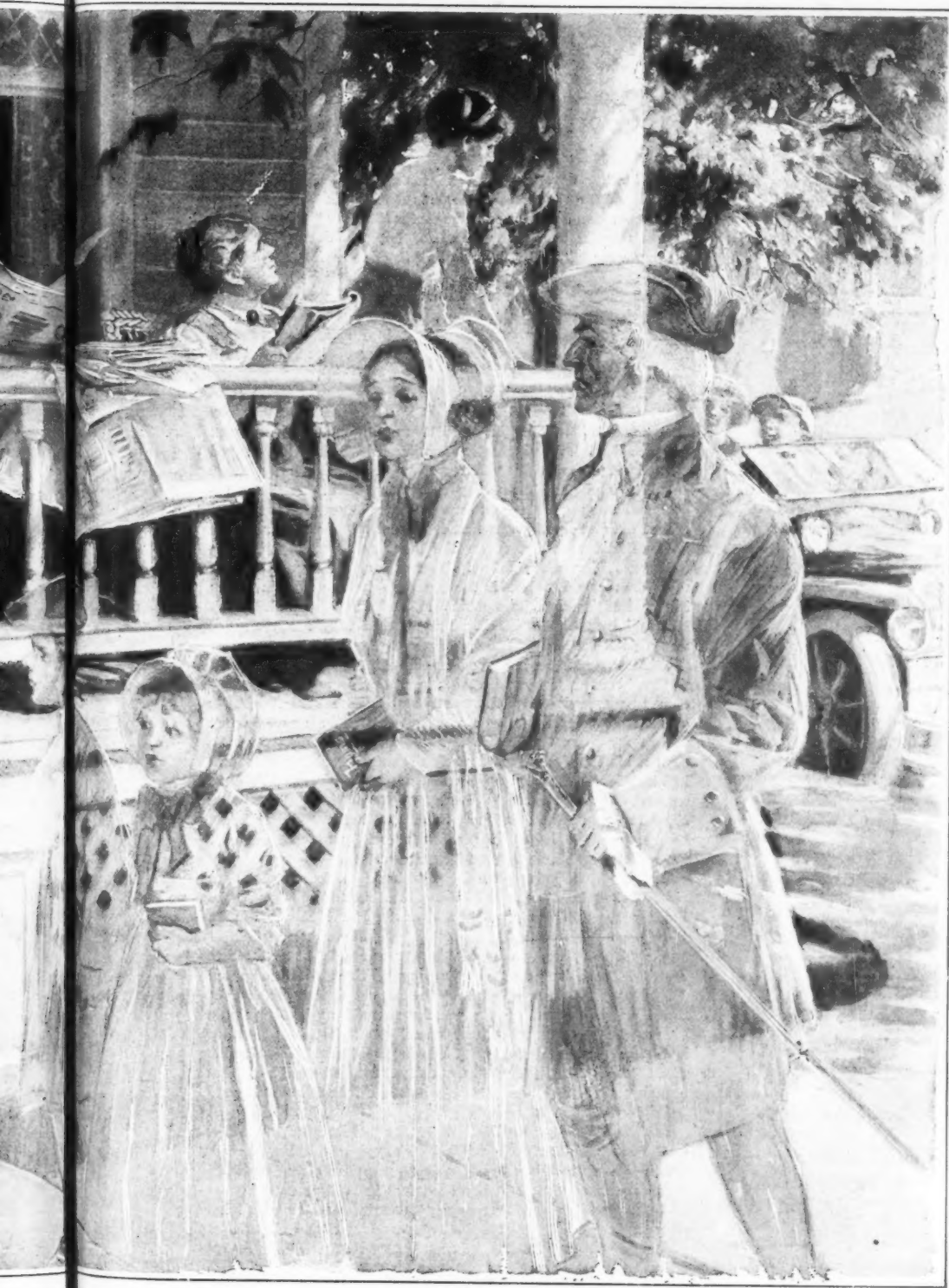
in the world, and the general run of good poets in our day do not have large audiences. The exception is Mr. Kipling, who gets abundant attention for his verses from people who are not, as a rule, poetically inclined. But Mr. Kipling is liable to put rather more ginger into his poems than is suitable for a laureate, and sometimes he uses bar-room expressions that are not dignified. He would hardly do for laureate.

Always in speaking of Mr. Robert Bridges, of England, it is necessary to give warning not to confuse him with our highly competent and admired New York poet of the same name, so well known to older readers of LIFE.

### Remember

A part of what almost everybody says is true. A part of what the suffragists say is true; a part of what the socialists say is true. The problem is to separate it from the part that is not true.





Sund morning





COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF TEN THOUSAND AND THIRTY-ONE  
STATUES GRACING THE PUBLIC PARKS OF THE UNITED STATES

### Technique

**T**ECHNIQUE is a practical method whereby there is accomplished an inevitable result. Without technique there would be no railroad accidents, no child labor, no workmen killed putting up skyscrapers and cathedrals.

Technique works, therefore, through design. Without it sentiment would become over-hysterical and people would tend to die naturally.

Technique requires that they should die because a certain set of rules has been pronounced supreme.

There is no technique in love. When a man acquires it, the next station is Reno.

Technique is necessary, but effective only when it is unconscious. Masterpieces are created without knowing much about it.

## Wanted: Crowds to read "Crowds"

**T**HE other day, as I came along a back street in Boston, I saw a bunch of people gathered in front of the entrance to one of those "Dangerous Passing" alleys. Five or six men, a woman or two, and about a dozen boys (all holding desperately back and pushing eagerly forward at the same time) were squeezed up against an imaginary semi-circular barrier about ten feet distant from a tiny speck of a dog that was huddled in the corner of a brick wall. And the dog was wearing a wildish look in its distracted brown eyes, and at the extreme left-hand corner of its little mouth it displayed—a bubble.

I went over to it and said a few comforting things to it in dog talk, and then I picked it up (it was about three months old) and cuddled it a bit. And then, first shaking itself well to get rid of its hallucination of impending doom, it looked up and licked my chin. And you ought to have heard those people! The pet names they called that pup! And the assurances they gave it, and me, and each other, that they hadn't ever really thought that it was mad! And four of the boys offered to adopt it on the spot, and were syndicating the proposition when I left. You see, all along and almost to a man those people had wanted to believe in that dog; but half of 'em had been afraid to, and the other half hadn't known how to go about it. But all that they really needed was a good boost.

There have been a lot of truths—fine, young, promising, pedigreed ones, some of them; and others bright, old, unclaimed mongrels—that thousands and hundreds of thousands of us Americans have been wanting to believe about human nature for some time now. Almost any day you could have seen a bunch of us standing round some back alley entrance, looking, fascinated and frightened, at one of them. We have wanted to believe in them, but we "didn't dast." We'd have liked to adopt them and try them out, but we didn't know where "to take holt." We weren't exactly scared, only we needed someone to put us in countenance.

And here, shoving to the front with a fine, free, nonchalant air of doing the most natural thing in the world, comes Gerald Stanley Lee; comes a poet, a dreamer, an idealist; a man whom we praised and patronized, and loved and pitied—comes Gerald Stanley Lee, the editor and sole contributor to the "Mount Tom" magazine, author of the almost forgotten "Lost Art of Reading," and of the almost unread "Voice of the Machines," and of the locally sneered at but foreignly buzzed about "Inspired Millionaires"—comes Gerald Stanley Lee and picks up the pup. And, lo and behold, it licks his chin! And we all instantly see how easy it was, and that human nature isn't really as bad as we'd been shamed into letting on.

It's by a book called "Crowds" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.35) that he has done it; a big, easy-going, loose-jointed, nearly-six-hundred-page book about you and me and the man next door; about God and millionaires and department stores and the President and the cook; about business and politics, and what we all want and don't dare ask for, and about how we're going to get it. About America and Americans. About where we're going.

I once heard a small kid, standing on a bluff above the



# CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



*The Abysmal Brute*, by Jack London. How "One-punch" Glendon cleaned the Augean stables of the prize ring. A clever idea well handled.

*An Affair of State*, by J. C. Snaith. Some private aspects of an English political crisis in the near future. Good light reading of a near-serious appearance.

*Barbara Gwynne*, by W. B. Trites. A story of provincial America that is cosmopolitanly human. It appeared first in England under the title of "Life."

*The Catfish*, by Charles Marriott. A most interesting study of a type of character the uses of which we are beginning to rediscover.

*Comrade Yetta*, by Albert Edwards. A fine, simple story interpretative of the contemporary welter of life on the East Side in New York.

*Crowds*, by Gerald Stanley Lee. See preceding page.

*Enjoyment of Poetry*, by Max Eastman. A splendid book that quite wonderfully picks its subject up out of preciosity and academics, and brings it to us rosy-cheeked and happy, with its mouth all slang.

*The Eternal Maiden*, by T. Everett Harré. A poetic, folklorish tale of an Eskimo love tragedy. An interesting experiment.

*Growing Pains*, by Ivy Low. Autobiographical revelations, many of which are of considerable psychological interest, but which have been made into a sluggish story.

*The Human Slaughter House*, by Wilhelm Lamszus. The supposed diary of a private in the next war. A little book that has set Germany by the ears, but will seem obvious to American readers.

*John Cave*, by W. B. Trites. The history of a man's soul. An astonishingly boiled-down story that yet leaves nothing untold.

*A Landsman's Log*, by Robert W. Neeser. An informal glimpse of life in the navy from the journal of a guest on the *Kansas*.

*Mark Twain and the Happy Island*, by Elizabeth Wallace. Memories of a Bermuda winter, and other personal impressions.

*Medical Union Number Six*, by William Harvey King. A humorous skit dealing with latent possibilities of trades unionism.

*The Old Adam*, by Arnold Bennett. An amusing story in Mr. Bennett's lighter fictional vein; the same being the further adventures of "Denry the Audacious."

*A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences*, by Robert M. La Follette. A clean-cut narrative of broad interest. A book that helps to give perspective to a period.

*Reflections of a Beginning Husband*, by Edward Sandford Martin. There is no one alive to-day who can make being wise as entertaining as Mr. Martin.

*V. V.'s Eyes*, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. In which the author of "Queed" is still interesting, although still Victorian.

*The Woman With Empty Hands*. Anonymous. An account, given without comment, of the events that turned an old school southerner into a front rank suffragette.

*Zone Policeman 88*, by Harry A. Franck. One of the most interesting books on Panama, because one of the few 'hat get at it first-hand.

Wisconsin River, ask another youngster, a bit bigger, where the river came from. "Oh," answered the other, pointing a chubby finger, "from way up there." "Yes," insisted the first, "but from how far?" And then the other swelled visibly before our eyes, and putting on a look of preternatural gravity, answered: "From way up beyond to-morrow's morning and to-morrow's morning and to-morrow's morning!" That's the way you feel when asked questions about "Crowds."

It's the most religious book published in this country since "Uncle Tom's Cabin."  
J. B. Kerfoot.

## We Suspect It Would

Why would it not be a good idea for this country to take a vacation? It is said to be good and often necessary in the case of an individual; surely, then, it would be beneficial in the case of the whole country.

Let's let the United States off for a couple of weeks. And while the whole country is away, let there be no teaching, no preaching, no law making, no politics. Wouldn't the country be much better for it?



Sanford  
J. Key

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO YOUR OLD COLLEGE CHUM NAMED HIS FIRST-BORN AFTER YOU!



ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MATCH



## The Realization

"YOU are the kind of girl," I said, "that I have always wanted to rescue from a burning building or carry away from a den of wild animals—or something like that, which involves intense suffering and probable loss of life."

"Nonsense!" she laughed. "You must get over that. I am really just an ordinary person."

Then, the absurdity of the thing coming upon her, she laughed again, so that the music of it was carried over the waters. The boat was lying quietly in the harbor, and all about us was the gleam of other lights. The soft, caressing wind fitfully came and went.

"It seems so ridiculous," she cried, "for you to say a thing like that. Now, if I were the kind of girl that you might read about—"

"But you are," I said gently. "Of course you can talk, and you've traveled, and you have exquisite manners and tact, and you never seem embarrassed; but that doesn't make any difference with me. Somehow, underneath it all, I realize that you are only a woman; and you make me feel it—you make me feel it constantly. Can't I do anything?" I added fiercely.

Of course, I suppose the moon must have had something to do with my mood; but at that moment she was

to me the most deliciously ingenuous person in the whole world. Perhaps it was the sound of the distant guitar that came over the waters—but you know what those moments are! You seem not to be yourself, but to have the strength of a million men, and you just long to have your emotions tested. And, in spite of her raillery and in spite of her laughter, she only made me feel the more so. There she was, the most beautiful creature I knew, sitting on the rail of the yacht under the Japanese lanterns; and I, standing there, leaning against one of the stanchions, looking at her and thinking unutterable things.

"If I could only show you," I murmured. "Oh, to do something! to—"

Just then a curious thing happened. Out of the dark there loomed a mass, great and dark; and before we knew it, there was a crash. I learned afterwards that Thompson's big yacht had slipped her anchor chain and had borne down upon us.

She went overboard. Although it seems horrible to say so, to be exact, she went heels over head.

Did I wait? Not an instant. I sprang to the rail and jumped after her. It was only as I was going down—down—under the water, in that fraction of an instant of time, that it suddenly flashed upon me that I could not swim—at least I could not swim

very well. However, what did that matter? I found myself struggling in the water. I gasped.

"Keep quiet!" shouted a voice.

It was her voice. She held me up. I felt her strong arms around me. I became very quiet. Someone threw a rope. She caught it. We were saved.

\* \* \*

Midnight. The soft wind came and went. The lights flashed about us. In dry clothes, once more we sat side by side. Her hand stole into mine.

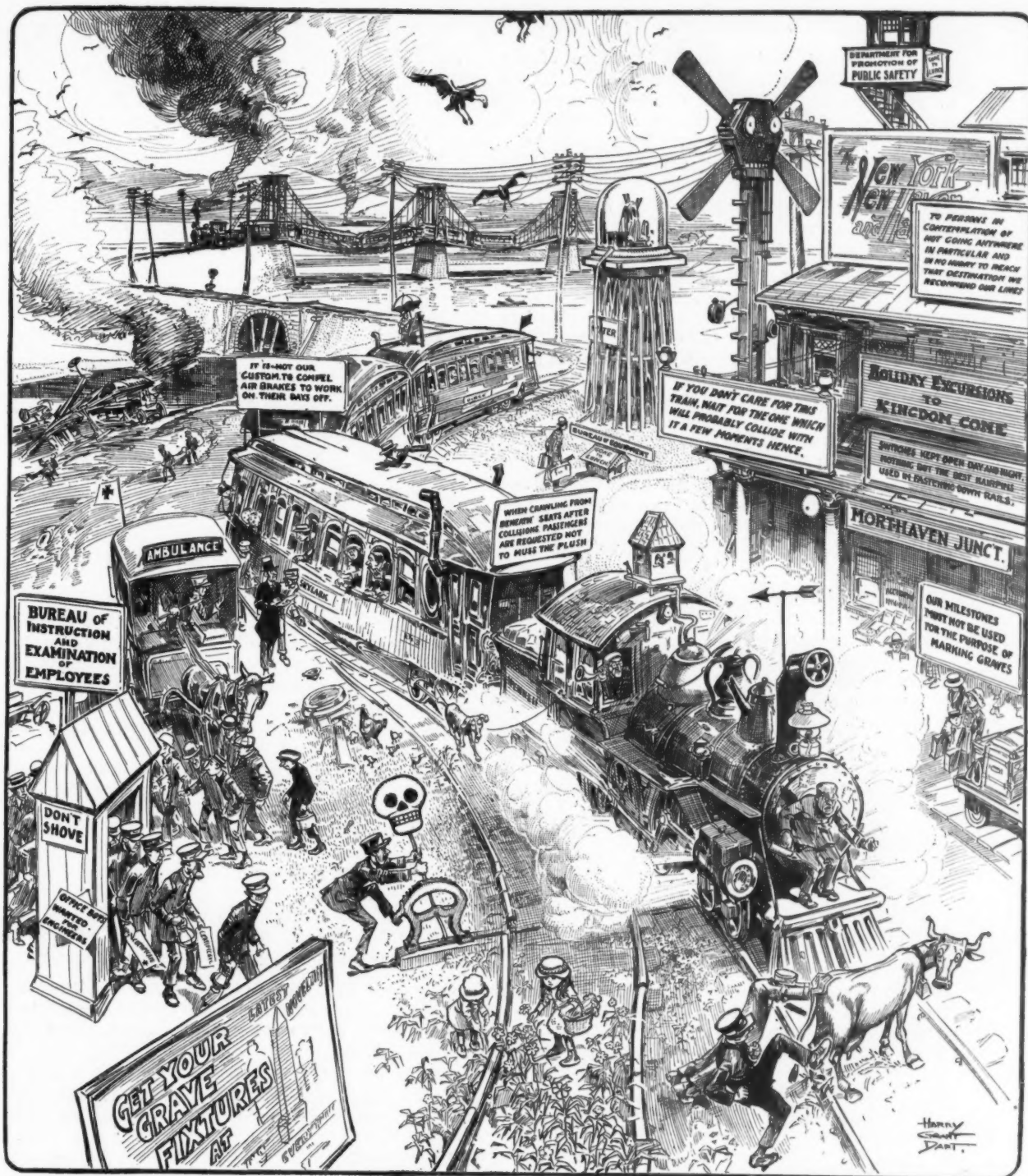
"Dearest," she whispered, "will you forgive me for laughing at what you said? Because now I understand at last. You were the real hero, you know, dear. You had the courage, the devotion. And what does it matter that you couldn't swim?"



BASEBALL IDIOM

"HUGGING THE BAG"





THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

## Coming

**July 31**—Annual Gold Challenge Cup Race of the American Power Boat Association, Thousand Islands, N. Y. Dodging the islands will form an important part of the amusement. Due to the large number of land hazards in the course only amphibious motor boats will be used.

Gathering of Flower Dealers on the Eastern Shore, Berlin, Md. President Wilson and Secretary Bryan have been invited to attend. This is the first official bouquet to be tendered the Democratic administration.

**August 1**—International Congress for the Fight Against the Deterioration and Adulteration of Foodstuffs, Ghent, Belgium. A far less spectacular, but possibly more beneficial brand of warfare than that now being employed to wipe out what is left of the Balkan states. One of the questions looked into will be the issuing of watered stock by the milk trust.

The resignation of James A. Fowler, assistant to the Attorney-General and "trust-buster" of both the Taft and Wilson administration, goes into effect. It is rumored that the Standard Oil Company, the Steel combine and the Tobacco Trust will offer Mr. Fowler a fine retiring place in the country, with double padlocks on all the doors.

Saratoga Racing Association Meet, Saratoga, N. Y. A popular place for dark horses, as almost any extant politician will avow.

**August 2**—Annual Casting Tournament, Asbury Fishing Club, Asbury Park, N. J. Phenomenal scores will be turned over for adjudication to the long-suffering marines.

An earthquake will visit New York City, according to the prophecy of William Probasco, hermit prognosticator dwelling in the woods near Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the well-known Invisible Government, pooh-poohs the prophecy. He does not recall that Tammany has issued any earthquake permits lately. Moving picture concerns, however, have taken the precaution to secure all dramatic rights.

**August 3**—Birthday of King Haakon VII, of Norway, born Aug. 3, 1872. Many birthdays are being encountered in royal circles this twelvemonth.

**August 4**—Joint Army and Navy coast defence exercises to be held in Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay. Troops from the Atlantic coast stations and ships from the Atlantic fleet will participate in the maneuvers. Mexico has sent several envoys, deputations, telegrams and wireless messages to Washington, protesting against this unwarranted demonstration. All true Mexicans feel that the exercises are a veiled threat against the Land of Kaleidoscopic Governments. In answer to these protests, Secretary Bryan thought it would be rather warm for August.

The United States Government will give away ten thousand acres of land in Kansas. Persons lacking property to mortgage for this year's automobile should purchase a ticket to Kansas.

Conference of the British National Association for the



A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM

Prevention of Infant Mortality and for the Welfare of Infancy, London, Eng. Child labor employers are becoming extremely agitated. If this nonsense about the children is permitted to go on, there is no telling where next year's thousand per cent will come from.

Beginning of the great Festival and Water Carnival at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. The naval and military forces of Western Canada will hold an assault-at-arms. Proving that those expensive toys, an army and navy, have their uses after all. They keep the residents of British Columbia out in the air.

National Convention of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, Baltimore, Md. A bird of a time is expected to be undergone by all.

Initial Tournament of the Western Roque Association, Lincoln Park Roque Club, Chicago. Roque is a fine, pleasant game, causing many persons to seek the dictionary.

**August 5**—Meeting of the Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of Texas, San Antonio. One of those rare occasions when the discussion of the weather is taken seriously.

Sociability and Endurance Run from Kansas City to Colorado Springs, Kansas State Automobile Association. Beginning as a sociability and ending as an endurance run.

The New York Yacht Club assembles at New London for its annual cruise. Any yachtsman sighting a sea-serpent during the voyage will be fined ten magnums of champagne.

### The Birds Discuss the Aeroplane

SAID the Owl: "It's a marvel! I never have heard  
Of such a gigantic, impossible bird."

Said the Vulture: "Its wings are of awkward design,  
But as big as a hundred, a thousand, of mine."

Said the Swallow: "It's one of the funniest things,  
For sometimes I've seen it with two pairs of wings."

Said the Thrush: "What a clatter and whir are its cries!  
And it won't sing a note except when it flies."

Said the Eagle: "It climbs most amazingly high;  
I've met it a mile or more up in the sky."

Said the Buzzard: "It soars with a beautiful grace,  
And it curves and it dives at a wonderful pace."

Said the Duck: "I have seen one afloat in the sea,  
That rose from the water exactly like me."

Said the Hawk: "It's astounding! Again and again  
I have seen the bird capture and carry off—men!"

"But sometimes it tumbles," the Whip-poor-will said,  
"And lies on the ground like a bundle of lead."

"And one," said the Crane, "with a terrible sound  
Exploded, and fell, all afire, to the ground."

"Dear me!" said they all, "what a puzzling affair!  
It's the queerest of creatures that fly in the air."

Amos R. Wells.

### An Increasingly Glorious Fourth

THE Fourth of July recently celebrated has proved to be, in point of casualties, the most glorious one we have had for many years. As the *Kansas City Star* says: "No noise additional, except the merry laughs of children. Picnicking and restful enjoyment in homes and parks. Patriotism undistracted by fear and tumult."

In Boston in 1908 there were four dead and fifty-one injured; this year, none dead and eleven injured. In Chicago in 1908 there were twelve dead and one hundred and fourteen injured; this year, none dead, eight injured. And these happy results are the same elsewhere, showing that the idea of a sane Fourth of July, first started by LIFE over a decade ago, has become practically universal.

RECREATION not produced by  
hard labor is not worth having.

### War or Peace?

FOR the best original arraignment of war in five hundred words or less, LIFE will pay three hundred dollars. The contributions as they are received will be passed upon and such as are accepted for publication will be paid for at five cents a word. The one which the editors of LIFE consider the best of all the contributions accepted will receive the prize of three hundred dollars. The competition begins at once.

The accepted manuscript will be published in the War Number of LIFE, to be issued the first week in October. This number will be the best pictorial and satirical arraignment of war that it is possible for LIFE to publish. It will present the case against war from our own standpoint.

The conditions of the contest are as follows:

No manuscript shall exceed five hundred words in length. Any number of manuscripts on the subject can be sent in by one contributor.

The name and address of each contestant should be placed upon the manuscript, which preferably should be typewritten.

All those manuscripts which are not acceptable will be returned if accompanied by postage.

The contest will close on Saturday, August Thirtieth. No manuscript received after noon on that date will be considered.

If these rules are violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor of LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York City; and "War Contest" should be put in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.



The First Tourist: OH! BUT IT'S GREAT TO BE HOME AGAIN!





A WHALING VOYAGE

### Married?

Gothenburg, Sweden—"Vaccination parties" are now fashionable in Stockholm. Guests are invited to an "at home" at five o'clock and the doctor arrives and vaccinates them. When this is over the guests dine together.

—London Mail.

THUS we have a pleasant mingling of business and society. It would be extremely awkward, however, if this practice became too general. We are now being educated up to eugenic marriages. What is a doctor going to do when a young couple present themselves for examination before marriage, and it is suddenly discovered that he has vaccinated them a few weeks before? Can he state that they are in proper condition when he himself has endowed them with the germs of a filthy disease?

Vaccination is admitted by the medical profession to be a self-inflicted disease. It is declared to be a substitute for smallpox. But how can people who have been vaccinated get married? Aren't the doctors tying themselves up?

### Some Recent Words

STEP up, ladies and gentlemen, and be introduced to some of the latest words in the English language. Of course you know *Syndicalism*, only waiting to get properly into the dictionaries, and which was born in France and Germany, and marks the high tide of labor control over capital as expounded in this country by the I. W. W. And of course you know *Sabotage*, which comes from the sabot, a wooden shoe, which was thrown by a striker into the machinery. Thus sabotage has come to mean what the labor men term the justifiable destruction of property.

But have you met *laic* yet? Permit us. This word, says a recent writer (Wm. Morton Fullerton), is as yet French rather than English. "On the continent of Europe, however, *laic* has for a long time now been growing in familiarity as a name for all the impulses that mark the temper of persons resentful of authority." Our *laic* time, therefore, means a time when a larger proportion of people than ever before are "agin" the government.

Do you know *stridulant*? A dictionary word, yes, but not in the sense in which Mayor Gaynor has used it, and which in its latest meaning applies to those suffragettes who, as somebody has said, don't know what they want, but want it. These ladies chirr; they are *stridulous*.



"DON'T MIND THESE JOLTS, AUNTIE. YOU'LL GET USED TO THEM!"

# Raising a Boy

A PROFESSOR of the Chicago University has been indulging in figures relating to the cost of raising a boy. He says that no matter how poor a boy's parents may be, it costs four thousand dollars to bring him from babyhood to the age of eighteen. This is the minimum for any boy. And you can spend as much more than this as you please.

The professor, perhaps unconsciously, conveys the impression that even if you spend as little as four thousand dollars you may not get your money's worth.

But in our humble opinion, if it should happen to cost one million dollars to raise a boy it is well worth it. Not that we would encourage the expenditure of a million dollars on any boy. But is there any other investment which pays such big returns?

It is true, of course, that you are always taking a gambling chance with any boy. He may go wrong in spite of everything you can do, and yet, looking at the matter in its very worst aspects, there is so much that you gain in large, human experience, in varieties of emotions, in expansion and contraction of the soul, the mind and the heart in raising a boy, that it pays under any conditions.

When you put thought and affection and interest and encouragement, and as much chastisement as may be necessary, and hope and faith and charity into a boy, it is better than planting a garden, better than speculating in Wall Street, better than falling in love with a woman, better than anything else in the world that we know anything about.

A boy is a much more human document than any other kind of a human being. There is more genuine response in a small boy than there is in a Wagner orchestra or a medium-sized ocean. There is everything in a small boy that there ought to be, and a great deal more. Besides, a small boy can cause more trouble to the square inch than anything else on earth.

And that is the reason, professor, why it pays to raise one, no matter how much he costs. T. L. M.

# All Hail the Camel!

NEWS comes from the insiders that the camel is to be imported into this country and domesticated and increased so that he may vie with the useful cow. The camel used to live on this continent several æons ago. He was driven across Behring Strait by the ice. It is hoped that he may take up the threads of life where he left off. The camel is extremely useful. He can subsist without high-balls or ice-water! Camel's milk makes excellent cheese, and shawls made from camel's hair are a splendid covering for old gentlemen. As a means of exercise the camel is not to be despised.

Perhaps, however, the best use of the camel will be as an example to our rich men. Most of them are likely to forget how difficult it is for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But when camels begin to mingle with our scenery advertisements and are seen occasionally walking up and down Fifth Avenue and Pennsylvania Avenue, who knows but that these humble instruments of Providence may serve as object lessons and thus be useful in other ways than to satisfy merely material cravings!

"WERE there many doctors at the consultation?"

"Oh, not so many—only about a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

"AND ONLY YESTERDAY I WAS KICKING BECAUSE I HAPPENED TO SIT ON A TACK."



## What Do You Think?

*We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable*

### Georgia

#### EDITOR LIFE:

Georgia is going to show the world that she has the interests of her citizenry at heart. To-day Representative R. B. Blackburn, of Atlanta, introduced a bill raising the age of consent from ten to twelve years. The very first week of the session a bill was introduced raising the age for factory work from ten to twelve years. The cotton manufacturers indorse this, as do also some philanthropists. The unreasonable labor unions oppose it because it seeks to repeal the only compulsory educational law now on the statutes of Georgia, and because it does not shorten the hours. Labor unionists are so hard to please!

Now, considering the precocity of southern children and their very early development, don't you think your conclusions and criticisms have been hasty?

Of course, eleven hours does seem rather a long time for women and children to work, but they say it is actually cooler in the mills than outside.

A VISITOR.

ATLANTA, GA.,  
July 8, 1913.

### Some Tyrannies

#### EDITOR LIFE:

Referring to prohibition and the general fanaticism of people who are writing to LIFE relative to same, I desire to call attention to the unfairness of prohibition legislation as enacted in Iowa and some other places.

The law permits forty-one per cent. of the population of a county in Iowa (outside of certain towns with special charters) to say to the remaining fifty-nine per cent. that they cannot have a café in the county. Then these same people turn round and ask the people of those States (like Pennsylvania and New York) where they are not in a majority to pass laws to suit them, claiming that as they are Prohibitionists they have special rights which the other fellow must not be accorded.

They have a nine o'clock closing law, a law not allowing the sale of a cracker even in a saloon, a law compelling the purchaser to drink his wine or beer standing, a law removing every seat from a saloon, etc., etc., in Iowa, and still worse in Kansas.

How would church people like all benches removed from the churches and sermons listened to standing erect? There is no justice in such laws, and what is more, they tend to drive out of use the consumption of light wines and beers and substitute the drinking of whiskey, which is not a sound move in national economics.

I remain, a subscriber who is a rationalist and freethinker,

WALTER BREEN.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.,  
June 20, 1913.

### A Question of Ammunition

#### EDITORS LIFE:

Truly it is all in the point of view. Hon. Willis J. Davis writes you in LIFE of June 5 that Georgia has an effective anti-child labor law and has had for years. Of course, Georgia has had its laws for years, because no State would dare pass such a law nowadays. It embodies the standards of the last century, with a general twelve-year limit for factory work, except for poor children, whom it graciously permits to work at ten. But how can the Honorable Mr. Davis call it "effective" when even as an anti-infant labor law it is not enforced? The State has no factory inspectors, and violations of age-limit were found by the Government investigators

in twenty of the thirty-one mills they visited. (This employment of young children is made more serious by the long eleven-hour day of Georgia mills.)

It is a happy temperament—this of complacent attainment—and it seems to be almost geographical. About the same time that the Honorable Mr. Davis expressed himself as content with Georgia's progress, we happened on an editorial note in the *Charlotte Observer*, suggesting that the National Child Labor Committee had exhausted itself in the harassment of the southern mill man and was looking for new victims. Does the southern mill man or his neighbor, the southern editor, really imagine for one moment that the meagre progress of recent years has brought his State to a standard that defies our abilities to harass him? To be sure, North Carolina is ahead of Georgia in forbidding night work of children fourteen to sixteen, and requiring that all children eight to twelve, with certain exceptions, shall attend school; but the working age is too low, and the work day is too long to satisfy our standards. We have reserves of ammunition to harass mill men in every State so long as they employ any children. Judging from their present attitude, the joyful day when that ammunition will be exhausted is in a shockingly distant future.

Very truly yours,

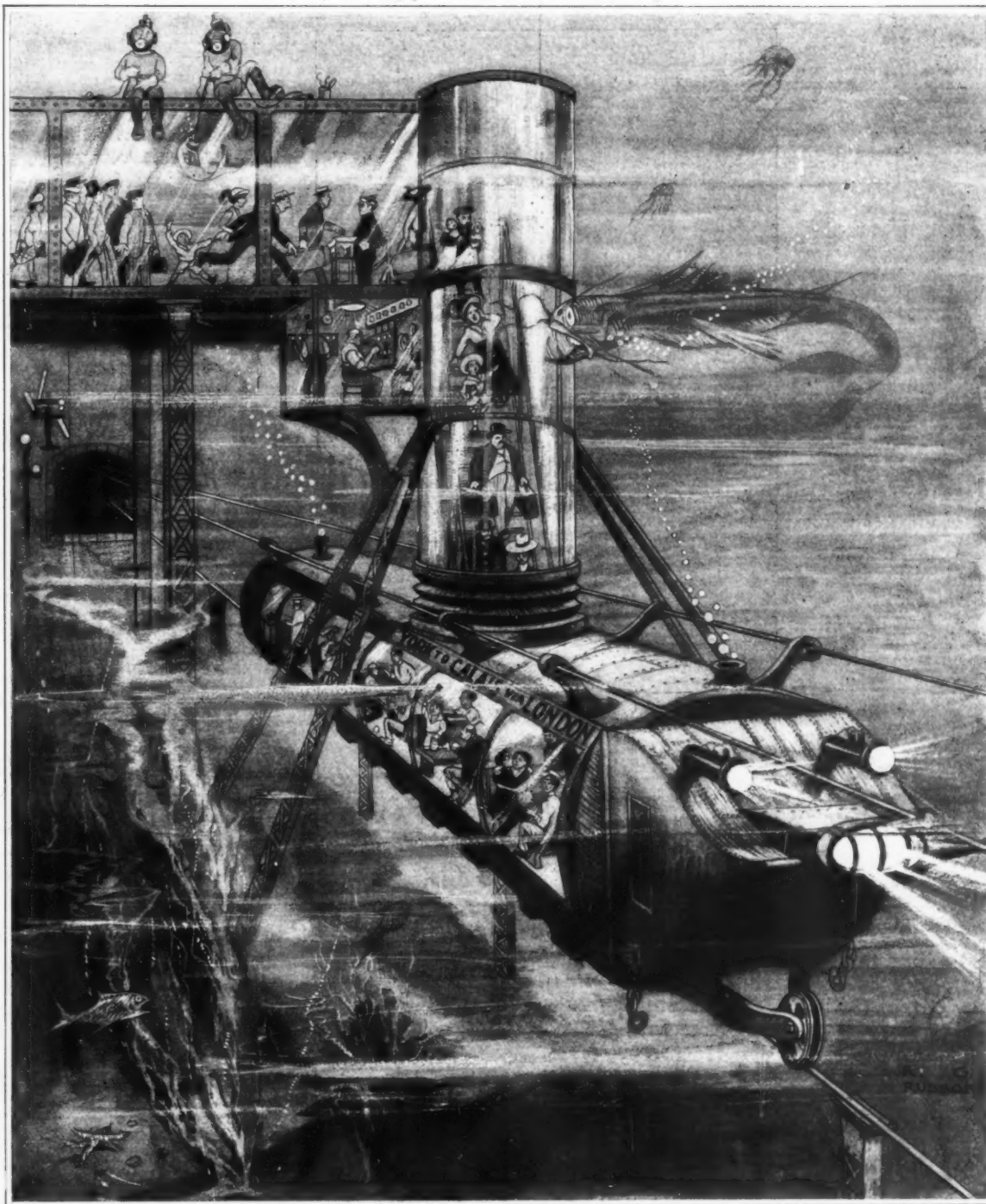
OWEN R. LOVEJOY,  
General Secretary,  
National Child Labor Committee.

NEW YORK,  
June 20, 1913.



The Dog: IT WON'T BE THEIR FAULT IF I DON'T GO MAD.





SUBMARINE RAPID TRANSIT



### A Close Buyer

A New York theatrical man was appointed receiver for a small opera house in an upstate town in New York. He was anxious to sell it and so was willing to take the first offer made.

He advertised the place, and after waiting a week he was delighted when an inquirer came in.

"Say, mister," the prospect asked, "how much do you want for the theatre?"

"My friend," the receiver replied, "I am extremely anxious to make a sale, and I'll let you have it for your own price."

"Please, mister," said the inquirer, "can't you do a little better than that?"

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

### Perhaps That Helped

Miss Carter had not been successful in bringing young Mr. Dodge to her feet, and in consequence felt a little spiteful toward him.

One evening they were having quite a serious talk in the library.

"Do you think," asked the young man, "that men progress after death?"

"Well," responded the girl, "if they don't it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

"GRACIOUS, Smith, old boy, how are you? I haven't seen you in ages. You are altered, I should scarcely know you again."

"Excuse me, sir, my name is not Smith."

"Great Scott! Your name altered as well?" —*Wasp.*



SPECULITIS—A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE

### Advice to the Fat!

Sleep but little, never eat anything that's fat or sweet;

Shun tobacco, alcohol; eat potatoes not at all.

Beans, rice pudding, pies abhor—never pass your plate for more.

With your meals no water take—walk until your muscles ache.

Exercise an awful lot, especially when it's very hot.

Hungry always leave the table—eat as little as you're able—

If you're really weak for food—unbuttered toast is very good.

Or, if that does not suffice—two or three dried prunes are nice.

Milk and cream you must taboo—sugar in your coffee, too.

Try this plan two months or three—and I'll give my guarantee

The advice I give is true—and you'll lose an ounce or two.

—*Evening Sun.*

### Useless

"I heard that you were going to marry Archie Blueblood, Esther. Is it true?" asked one young society woman of another.

"Marry him! I should say not! Why I wouldn't know what to do with him. He can't ride, play tennis, golf or drive a motor car!"

"Well," said the friend, "he can swim beautifully, you know."

"You wouldn't want a husband that you had to keep in an aquarium, would you?" —*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"WHY has your wife decided to give up the European trip she was contemplating?"

"She happened to hear somebody say that travel broadened one."

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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## The Wind

WIND is air in motion.

Winds are all kinds except still. When the wind gets tired of doing things, it settles down and loses itself.

Winds are divided into hurricanes, cyclones, gales, breezes, and zephyrs; but only the hurricanes and cyclones get their names in the papers, except in love stories. Every little zephyr feels very proud of itself when it is mentioned in the latest best seller as toying with golden tresses. That is about all a zephyr does, however. No zephyr was ever known to perform any useful act.

The wind is sometimes used to make hot air, which is employed extensively throughout this country in Banquet Halls, Women's Clubs and State Capitols.

When the wind has lolled around for a few days and becomes rested, it starts up and blows the clouds about, just for exercise. It also makes people take off their hats.

At one time the wind used to waft vessels across the ocean. It once wafted three of them belonging to a man named Columbus, and we haven't gotten over it yet. A wind like that is a permanent nuisance to society at large.

Now, however, the wind does not waft as much as it used to; about the only wafting it does is to bring a few wicked seeds into your back yard in the early spring, which afterwards come up as weeds.

Winds are used to fan cheeks, transport mosquitoes and keep windmills employed for artists to sketch. They also raise the dust for automobilists, but not in the way that automobilists like best.

Winds come from the north, south, east and west, and all points of the Æolus main division between.

There is a popular tradition among the American people that a long time ago the wind was very low, and for many years they have been trying to raise it. It is not improbable, owing to these efforts, that some day they will reap a whirlwind.



This girl costs you nothing but a two-cent stamp

## Miniature Life Number 2

Is now ready for mailing. The picture printed above is one of the covers of this Miniature Edition of LIFE, exact size—only it is printed in colors. It is a small edition of America's great humorous weekly filled with jokes and pictures, and obtainable in no other manner except by personal application. Send us your name and address and a two-cent stamp to cover mailing and we will forward you a copy of this beautiful

MINIATURE LIFE Number Two.

"So you are going away, Mrs. Rusher?"

"Yes; we are going to move to Kentucky for a few weeks until my husband gets to be called 'Colonel,' and then we shall go to Washington to live."

—Chicago Record.

The Clark Parties offer the Acme of Tourist Service. That's been proven. Delightful, small membership tours leave in the fall. Write for details FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg. New York

**ROUND THE WORLD**

**RAD-BRIDGE** BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES  
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) brings our sample wallet; 42 Forms Lithographed Score Pads, 12 varieties playing cards and illustrated catalog.  
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## Sedentary People Need a Brainy Diet

"I used to suffer agonies after eating. Since taking digestible brainy foods I can get through my work quickly." Brainy foods (lean meats, green vegetables, fruits, etc.) when correctly combined and proportioned, are the best for sedentary workers. Starchy foods (bread, pudding, cakes, etc.) being difficult of digestion, cause ill-looks and ill-health when people take no exercise. Deficiency or excess of certain foods cause different diseases. Correct combinations and quantities cure. *Gannan of the*



THE ANSWER TO THIS REBUS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN NEXT WEEK'S LIFE

Answer to last week's rebus: "The rich American art collector is an easy mark for



# CALOX

OXYGEN

Take the best tooth-powder ever made—Make it a little better—Then add Oxygen—That's CALOX, the Oxygen Tooth Powder.

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All Druggists, 25 cents.  
Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.  
McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### A New Answer to an Old Question

"What would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body?" asked the professor of science.

"The result," replied the pretty co-ed, "would be some very interesting by-products."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

### Undeserving

Three Germans were engaged in a confidential talk while dining together in a Broadway café a few days ago.

Their conversation drifted from politics to the second marriage of a mutual friend, when one of them remarked:

"I'll tell you what. A man what marries de second time don't deserve to have lost his first wife."—*Lippincott's*.

### The Suffragist's Dilemma

I shall not vote for Mrs. Briggs,  
I do not like her gown;  
And I remember well the dig  
I got from Clara Brown.  
Jemima Patterson Magee  
Shall get no vote of mine;  
A horrid, stuck-up thing is she—  
And also I decline.  
To vote for Anastasia Bunce;  
I fairly boil with rage  
When I recall that more than once  
She lied about my age.  
And Mabel Jones and Agnes Carr  
And Clementina Ball,  
I'll scratch, because they never are  
"At home" the days I call.  
I cannot vote, you understand,  
For Angelina Pratt,  
Because she isn't stylish, and  
She wears a last year's hat.

Oh, goodness me! That brings me through

The list. This ballot's small.  
There's no one left. What shall I do?  
I cannot vote at all!

—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

### Impossible

Startled he looked about him. "My legs are comfortable," he muttered. "My knees aren't cramped. I can get the kinks out of my calves and even lean back a little. My line of sight is unobstructed. Why, not only can I see everything, I can also hear everything! I can retire to the foyer without disturbing fifteen people, or even one, but—I'm so comfortable sitting here that I'd rather stay just where I am. These lights—the music—the scenery—all look real, yes, they strongly suggest reality—but it's impossible. Whoever heard of a comfortable theatre? I must be dreaming."

And doggone it, that's just what he was doing.—*The Masses*.

### Corroboration

"Binks appears fortunate in the advice that he has received."

"Yes; most of the persons that he went to told him to do what he had made up his mind to do."

—*Buffalo Express*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

## Carstairs Rye



Any man who knows whiskey will enjoy that "Carstairs" flavor, but only a connoisseur can duly appreciate its rare quality.

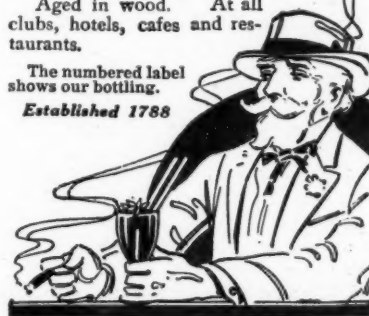
The choice of "gentlemen and scholars and judges of good whiskey" for more than a century.

Skilfully blended of selected ryes.

Aged in wood. At all clubs, hotels, cafes and restaurants.

The numbered label shows our bottling.

Established 1788



### Spoiled Her Trip

"Then your wife didn't enjoy her trip to Niagara?"

"No; the minute she saw that rushing water she began to wonder if she hadn't come away from home and left a faucet running."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FATHER: You have no sense; I'm going to cut you off with a million.

THE SON: If you do I'll disgrace the family by riding around in a second-hand auto."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.



## Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

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## Rhymed Reviews

### The Life of the Spider

(By J. H. Fabre. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Herein "The Insects' Homer" sings  
Of several different styles of spiders,  
All entertaining little things  
And uniformly good providers.

How dare we call them horrid pests  
Or uncouth names in clumsy Latin!  
They weave such lovely, downy nests  
Of vari-colored silk and satin.

Now there's the fierce Lycosa, who  
Pursues her prey o'er field and fur-  
row.  
She spins no snare as others do,  
But settles down and digs a burrow.

Ah, little doth the Locust reckon  
Of her, the ambushed tunnel-dweller!  
She leaps! She bites him in the neck!  
She drags him down her gloomy  
cellar!

When crickets raise their harvest tune  
And summer nights are growing  
fewer,  
She meets her love beneath the moon  
And shortly eats that daring wooer.

Her ten-score babies do not lack  
Maternal care when storms are  
blasting;  
They climb upon the mother's back  
And six full months remain there,  
fasting.

### A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a  
knowledge of the whole  
truth about self and sex  
and their relation to life  
and health. This knowl-  
edge does not come in-  
telligently of itself, nor  
correctly from ordinary,  
every-day sources.

### SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear  
wholesome way in one volume

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.  
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Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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each plot. We teach you how to write and sell them. No pre-  
vious experience necessary. Write now for free details.

ASSOCIATED MOTION PICTURE SCHOOLS, 6749 Sheridan Road, Chicago

# Warning to Beer Drinkers

Read every word in this opinion. Remember  
it is not our statement, but the deliberate opinion  
of a great scientist working for perfection in beer.

Pure beer is food and tonic.

G. Beck (Bierbrauer, 1881, No. 8) finds that

**"beer in light bottles deteriorates more  
quickly than beer in dark bottles when  
exposed to the direct sunlight."**

His tests were continued for three weeks and proved  
that beer in light bottles had acquired a very disagreeable,  
nasty taste and flavor and was unfit for consumption.

The Brown Bottle with Schlitz is not a fad. Its use  
is based on scientific principles.

We have adopted every idea, every invention, every  
innovation that could make for purity.

Schlitz is sent to you in Brown Bottles to protect its  
purity from the brewery to your glass.

Why don't you make Schlitz in Brown Bottles your  
regular beer?

See that crown or cork  
is branded "Schlitz."

# Schlitz

The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

30-M



But when the winter days have sped  
They catch the first warm breeze that  
passes,  
And sail afar on films of thread  
To hunt the Midge among the  
grasses.

The Garden Spider's leafy tent  
Is built above her snare—but mark  
you  
The telegraphic filament  
Betwixt the Lodge and Web!—Now  
hark you:

"A wasp is caught!" the message flies.  
Oh, careless waif, thy fate is sorry!  
Straight down the ruthless trapper  
hies  
To bind, to pack, to gorge her  
quarry.

Away with all the morbid screeds  
Of social-problem hobby-riders!  
I'd rather gloat upon the deeds  
Of Monsieur Fabre's clever spiders.

Arthur Guiterman.

### Inhuman Jails

THE recent published reports that Sing Sing prison is not a desirable place to live in have not made the dent in the public mind hoped for. The public as a rule from time immemorial has usually been indifferent to the conditions in jails. When the abuse becomes too flagrant the officials are deposed and others succeed them. These officials in their turn rapidly deteriorate to the jail level—a mixture of cruelty, dirt and callousness. Jailers rarely succeed in overcoming the excessive wear and tear upon their characters by jail contact. They are forced into being harsh with the worst prisoners. They rapidly become accustomed to inhuman acts. The public doesn't care much. If it argues about the matter at all, it argues that people ought to keep out of jail in the first place.

The public ought to care, however. It ought to take to itself the responsibility of the conditions which multiply jailbirds. The fewer jailbirds there are, the better the jails will be.

## The next best thing to going to New York

is to have New York brought to you! Not the hot, noisy, disagreeable side of a great city in Summer, but the cool, dainty, attractive side—the little shops and big stores as they display the first suggestions of the new models and materials for the coming Fall.

## VOGUE

is the one magazine in the world that can do this for you. You may go away to the mountains or the seashore, you may tour the country, you may go abroad—but Vogue takes no vacation. Go where you will, so long as Vogue goes with you, you will never get out of touch with what is newest and best among people of taste and discrimination.

In the Summer, therefore, more than any other time you will need your Vogue. During the Season—when you are in the city to observe and judge for yourself—Vogue is almost a luxury; but when you are out of

touch with what is going on, Vogue becomes a necessity.

The Outdoor-Life number is now on sale. This copy above all others you will need right at this season. And while you are getting it, be sure to arrange for the next three numbers. Your newsdealer will be glad to reserve them for you.

**VOGUE**  
FOUR FORTY-THREE FOURTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK CITY  
Condé Nast, Publisher

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Twice a month

\$4.00 a year  
24 numbers



Send for  
**TRIAL BOTTLE**  
20¢

**You have never  
seen anything like  
this before**

The fragrance of thousands of blossoms in a vial 2 inches high. The most exquisite perfume science ever produced. Not diluted with alcohol.

**Rieger's  
Flower Drops**

\$1.50 at dealers or by mail. Send check, stamps, money order. 3 colors: Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet. Money back if not pleased. Send 20c. silver or stamps for miniature bottle with long glass stopper. Please mention name of dealer. Address today.

Paul Rieger, 177-1st St., San Francisco  
Maker of High Grade Perfumes  
Paris New York San Francisco

EXACT SIZE REGULAR BOTTLE

### The Real Wrong Doers

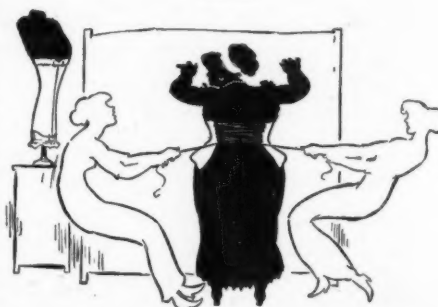
I lay to the door of the so-called "idle rich" the making of many criminals.—*Congressman Wm. P. Porland, of Kansas.*

PERMIT us to suggest, Congressman, that the real difficulty is not so much with the idle rich as with the idle poor. Among the idle poor may be mentioned all those workmen who are put down in the statistics by sociologists as receiving from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year, but not counting the time during which they are laid off.

That is the trouble, Congressman. The poor are idle so much of the time, they don't get the wages they are set down as receiving.

There are not so many of the idle rich in proportion to the whole as there are of the idle poor; oh, no, not nearly so many. The idle rich degenerate, of course, but there are more things to keep them from degenerating than there are in the case of the poor, who can't play the races, or golf, or travel in Europe, and who live principally on dregs and bad air. Under these conditions they produce many who become criminals—many more criminals in proportion than among the idle rich.

The idle poor are to blame, Congressman. They ought to know better. They ought to be stopped. Think of what huge and lavish pleasures they give the idle rich during the short time in the year when they do work!



WAIST ENERGY



Copr. Life Pub. Co.



"CULTIVATING THE WAIST PLACES"  
By Geo. W. Barratt  
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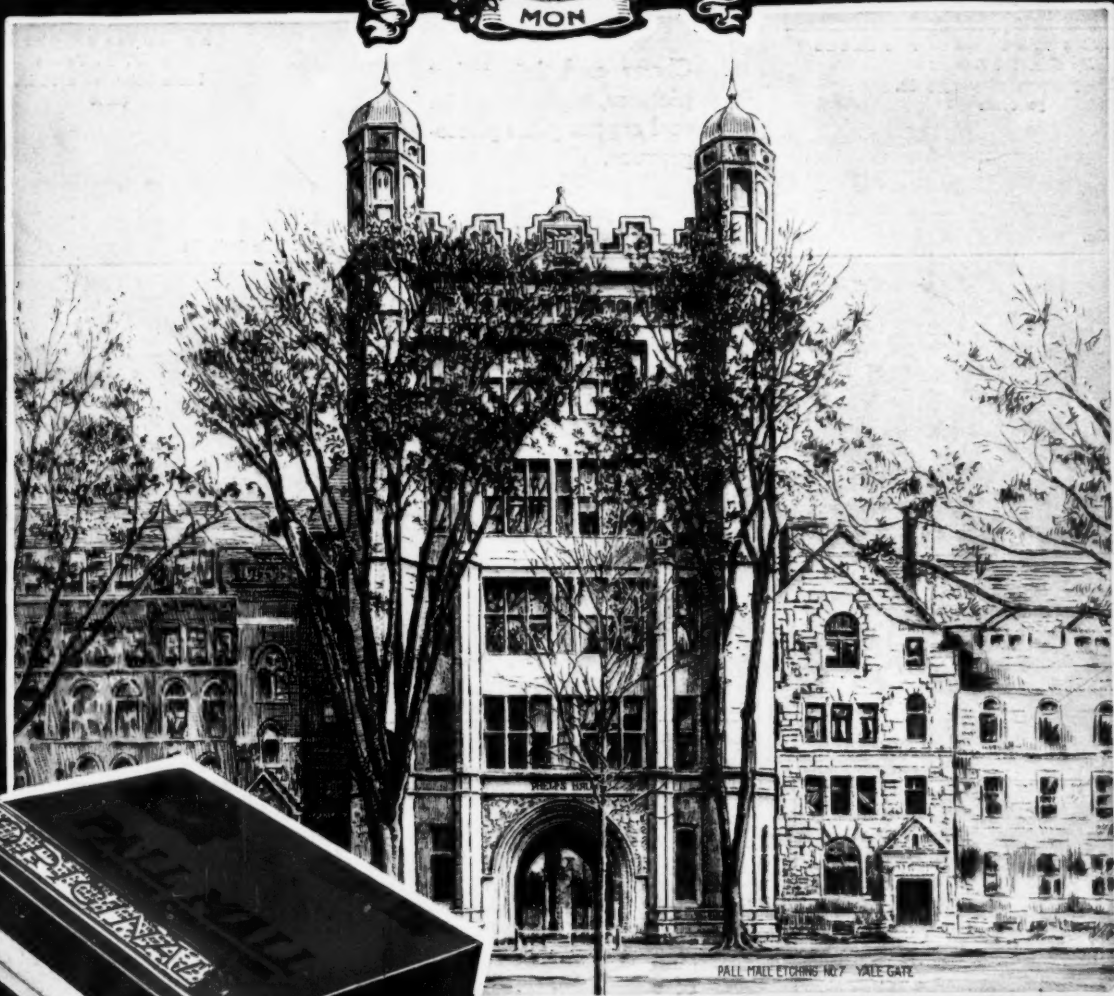
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